

NOTICE TO READER. — When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed over-sea. NO WRAPPING — NO ADDRESS. — A. S. BURLESON, Postmaster General.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE —
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

RECEIVED
THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 51

No.

4

SEPTEMBER, 1918

Price

10

Cents



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CAVALRY HORSES DRINKING AT REPUTED "WELL OF ELISHA," PALESTINE

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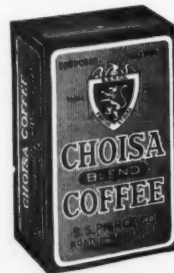
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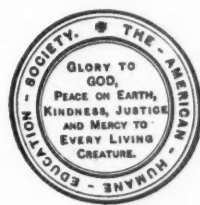
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 4

NOT only is faith without works dead, love for animals without works is dead also.

IF all the animals get out of life is what they have here, how supreme our obligation to see that the pleasure outweighs the pain!

BUT should their life persist hereafter, as many wise men have believed, notably that celebrated thinker Bishop Butler, even then, with justice done them for their sufferings, we shall be without excuse for any needless pain caused them by act of ours.

YOU who say you love animals, do you ever really put yourself out to protect them? When did you last stop your automobile to protest against some horse's abuse?

WE are glad to see that arrests and convictions for violating the Federal bird law are becoming frequent enough to show that this law cannot be broken with impunity.

IT is being urged in England that, because of the rationing of horses, and the limited supply of hay and grain, no draught horses be allowed to travel faster than a walk.

IT is reported that from the battle of the Marne to November, 1917, 850,000 horses were required by the French units, and that the British used 500,000 in their last offensive.

DID you ever meet General Complaint? He is greatly disturbed because the S. P. C. A. doesn't do more, but he never gives it a dollar and he never reports a specific case of cruelty.

SHALL we ever as a nation insist upon the decent and humane destruction of our food animals? Instead of the barbarous pole-ax and the knife, when shall we have the merciful bullet?

WE shall do well to remember, war or no war, that this is a land that has guaranteed to all within its borders the widest civil and religious liberty. It has almost seemed of late as if it might become a crime among us for one to do his own thinking and to stand by his own convictions.

FROM the latest reports issued by the Berlin Zoological Society it appears the wild animals have not been able to live upon the food substitutes provided for them. Many deaths have occurred, and the general health of those left is far from satisfactory.

BY the act of Congress, June 6, ratifying the migratory bird treaty between the United States and Canada, 1022 species of North American birds come under the protection of the Governments of these two countries. This is well said to be the the greatest item of bird protective legislation ever enacted.

IN accepting, on behalf of Dr. W. T. Hornaday of New York, a medal presented him by the Royal Society for his efforts in the interests of bird protection, W. H. Buckler, of the American Embassy in London, said: "Certain worms and grubs are the submarines of the countryside, while the bird is the airship patrol which detects and destroys these enemies."

FROM OUR ARMY CAMPS

HERE is a letter from Camp Grant, a fair specimen of the replies to our offer of certain literature:—

Auxiliary Remount Depot No. 321

Camp Grant, Illinois

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President,
American Humane Education Society.

My dear Sir:—

Your letter of the 24th inst. to the Commanding General, Camp Grant, Illinois, enclosing a copy of "The Horse's Prayer" and leaflets on the "Care of Mules" and the "Breaking Horses with Kindness," has been forwarded to me by the Commanding General for reply.

I would appreciate and thank you very much for about fifty copies of each of the leaflets and "The Horse's Prayer," which I assure you could be wisely used as there are many men recently inducted into our Army who know not what they do when it comes to the handling and care of animals. These leaflets I am sure will be a great help to the organizations from which I receive complaints as to the "outlaws" and unmanageable horses that have been issued them by the Remount Depot.

Most sincerely yours,

ALBERT KALB

Major, Q.M. Corps, N.A., Commanding

PREPARING FOR PEACE

LOYD GEORGE said recently that it might easily be more disastrous to enter peace without preparation than to enter war unprepared. The world, he affirmed, will be very molten when the hour for peace comes and will cool quickly. It is of the utmost importance that the right form be ready that things may not set in a wrong mold—a mold that cannot be changed without another world-convulsion.

Already the Allies should be getting this "form" for peace shaped and ready for the momentous hour that must come, soon or late. Eliminate the politicians, the defenders of old intrigues, policies and conventions, such great business interests as think first and last and all the time of financial gain, let the rank and file of all the peoples who have lavished their blood and treasure to end the reign of autocratic might, of brutal power, of militaristic ambition, of the divine rights of kings, of special privileges,—let these, through their representatives—through men who will actually represent them—let these be fashioning this mold into which the molten world, ready for peace, may set, and set in a form both fair and enduring.

The vastness and complexity of this task no one will deny. With the chaos that will exist in European affairs when the war is over, with the multitudinous interests of the many nations, small and large, that will have to be considered, the problems before the peace conference of the world will surpass in difficulty any mankind has ever faced before. It will be nothing less than the most stupendous of blunders not to be prepared for the day of settlement. Not only should statesmen with the widest historical vision be thinking upon this momentous theme, but each of us as well, for it is the interest of the common every-day man that ultimately must be considered.

"Out of this agony of the world," to quote Lloyd George again, "let us see to it that no deformity is born—no militarism, no mammonism; no, nor anarchy either."

WATER FOR BOSTON HORSES

LAST year the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. watered nearly 350,000 horses at several city stations and by its water wagon. This season a similar service is being maintained. Contributions for this work will be greatly appreciated.

NEWS ABOUT THE JACK LONDON CLUB

Three Thousand New Members in a Month—Total 9500

ONCE more we repeat the words that tell the meaning of the Club:—

It was Jack London who, in Michael Brother of Jerry, wrote the revealing story of the cruelties to which a great part of the performing animals we see on the stage and elsewhere are subjected.

He said the only effective way to end this form of so-called "amusement" is for every lover of animals and every foe of cruelty to get up and leave the theater during this part of the performance. To belong to the Jack London Club all you have to do is to promise to do this. It may be embarrassing. It may seem an annoyance to others. Think of the unhappy animals. Would you want them to do as much for you if you were in their places? The Club has no officers. It asks no dues.

We would greatly like to have you send us your name and as many other names as you can.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

The book is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.50. We will send the "Foreword" free to any asking for it. A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Six copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools.

FOR MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

A few weeks ago we wrote to two large booking houses where arrangements are made for supplying programs for theater companies and vaudeville houses. We told, briefly, the story of the Jack London Club. We begged to call attention to the cruelties connected with the animal performances. We sent a copy of the "Foreword" of Jack London's book. One of these houses replied. Here is the letter:—

June 29, 1918

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
170 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 25th instant, and the proposition is one that we could not possibly handle alone.

Yours very truly,

MARCUS LOEW

A little later we shall try again. Perhaps some will coöperate with us until public opinion leads them all to.

From London comes this letter, most encouraging and helpful:—

Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

19th June, 1918

Dear Dr. Rowley:—

My attention has been drawn to the fact that you are organizing a Jack London Club as a result of Jack London's book "Michael," to work against trained animals in theaters. Would you let me have all particulars with a view to our starting a similar Club in this country if possible.

Hoping that you are well, and that the work progresses. Yours very truly,

E. G. FAIRHOLME, Captain
Chief Secretary



Courtesy of Our Animals, San Francisco

AUDIENCES AT TRAINED ANIMAL PERFORMANCES SEE NOTHING TO INDICATE THE CRUELTY THAT IS PERPETRATED BACK OF THE SCENES

With this powerful English society interested, and able to reach a wide public through its excellent magazine, *The Animal World*, there is almost no limit to the good it can do the Jack London Club movement.

From Shapwick, Blandford, Dorset, England, come names for membership. Seven names from the State Normal School at Geneseo, N. Y. Names from San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D. C. Then 100 names, representing 37 states, sent us from Birmingham, Ala., by one who proves himself an enthusiastic friend. A correspondent in Texas, as the result of appeals in public addresses, sends a report of 1760 who made the Jack London promise. From a Springfield, Mass., school, 100 names. A Los Gatos, Cal., school joins almost in a body, each pupil writing out a pledge like this, "I pledge myself to avoid animal acts," and signing his name. One was brave enough to add after "acts," "and circuses." Think what that meant to a boy! From a Los Gatos paper we take a few sentences in an article which gives a long list of names of men and women who have joined the Club:—

The "Jack London Club," for the abolition of trained animals, is rapidly gaining a large membership in Los Gatos. This club is solely and entirely for the one purpose of banishing for all time, the dreadful cruelty that is inevitable in the training of any animal for exhibition work. Those interested in this humane purpose are urged to read "Michael Brother of Jerry," by Jack London, in which he explains clearly and most convincingly the horrors behind the scenes.

Scores of letters we would like to publish from people who find in the Club something that offers a means of protest against a form of amusement they have long condemned, but all will understand the necessity for conserving space.

ONE enthusiastic friend of the Club, nearly eighty years of age and practically an invalid, has secured 101 names.

"THE ARGUMENT OF LEGS"

A California friend has issued a leaflet on behalf of the Club with the above title. Getting up and going out is an argument stronger than words. In this leaflet is this paragraph:—

A book of instruction for trainers tells the performer to find out what is the most tender part of the animal selected for "education," in order to strike or spear that part in training. If it is the nose, the animal is attacked in the nose, or dragged by the nose. If it is the back, that part is hurt until the animal will dodge in any given direction to dodge the hurt. In the case of elephants, the feet are extremely sensitive. Therefore the training of elephants is accompanied by hurting the feet.

BEHIND THE SCENES

THE president of the Jack London Club went to see an animal performance recently about which a complaint had been made. There was nothing cruel in the exhibition. The dogs and monkeys really did very little in the way of tricks, but when we went behind the scenes a little later to talk with the owner and saw the close, stuffy quarters in which both the monkeys and dogs were kept, their boxes and cages hardly large enough to turn around in, and learned that these poor creatures were on a three months' tour of that sort of unnatural, wretched life, we realized anew the cruelty involved in this special feature of the show business. We could not summon this man into court. He was evidently attached to his animals which had not been taught many tricks, but the miserable life they had to lead while on the road constituted the cruelty—though a cruelty the courts do not as yet recognize.

A FRIEND in Edmonton, Alberta, has had some papers printed with the heading, The Jack London Club, the pledge, and a place for names. Quite a community interest has been awakened. Here is a fine suggestion for others.

Summer Scenes at the Vacation Home for Horses at Methuen

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals



A REMARKABLE FIELD OF OATS



CARROTS FOR THE HORSES IN WINTER



CORN TO BE CUT GREEN FOR HORSES IN PASTURES



ONE OF THE HAY FIELDS



CUTTING THE OATS



ONE OF THREE PASTURES

BEING A BIRD

ALICE J. CLEATOR

O WHAT a splendid thing it must be
To be a bird and live in a tree!
To own a thousand of leafy swings,
A glorious song and a pair of wings.
To take long trips o'er the fields of air,
To pack no trunk and to pay no fare.
Joy of sunlight, no fear of rain,
Sailing along in an "aeroplane,"
Looking far down from the Ether's height
At curving rivers like ribbons bright,
Far from mad traffic's roar and shout
And see the earth like a map spread out.
No dread of tomorrows like phantoms gray,
No bitter memories of yesterday!
O, there never was printed or spoken word
That tells the joy of being a bird!

ONE'S SENSE OF HUMANITY

NO," said the shopper, firmly addressing the saleswoman who held up a sport hat adorned with a modest little fringe of feathers around the edge of the brim. "It's years since I've worn feathers of any sort, and I'm persuaded that it's right to hold fast to my resolve."

"But," laughed the friend who was with her, "probably these are 'made feathers.' Half of them are, you know. My husband tells me so, and he is in the business. Really, you needn't refuse to wear those."

"Oh, but I shall, and I'll tell you just why," replied her ardent friend. They had left the millinery department now, and were standing apart by themselves, awaiting the elevator which should carry them back to the street floor. "I know, of course, that plenty of the feathers used for trimming hats are from creatures of the farmyard which had already been taken for food. But I don't like the idea of killing a man and then taking his coat, do you? What would be thought of us if we did that with our fellow-men? We don't; but, instead, we do it with the birds and animals who cannot protect themselves. Oh, the stories I've heard of the brutes who strip the wings from the gulls, without stopping first to spare them the pain. And there are the inexpressible trappers of the north woods, who it is difficult to believe retain any human feelings at all. I'm done with it all; I'll not wear furs and I'll not wear feathers. You know, with many it is simply a question of laziness. It is far easier to buy a feather-trimmed hat which is becoming than it is to refuse it, as I did just now. It means, you see, that I must look further for the hat which suits me. But I'd rather do that and keep my conscience clear. It seems to me that it is just a question of whether or not one's sense of humanity is stronger than one's desire for idle decoration of one's personal belongings. Because I can't be sure how any feathers were procured, I've resolved to refuse to purchase any at all. I hear that manufacturers are urging increased sale of wings and feathers for millinery purposes. Probably they are getting alarmed for their business, because, when one comes to investigate, there are a number of women who have taken the same stand in the matter that I have."

Just then the elevator arrived; they got in and were shot downwards. Suffice it to say that neither shopper ever bought another hat adorned with feathers.

— Christian Science Monitor

Better than money because they earn money;
buy a WAR-SAVINGS STAMP TODAY.

Filming Wild Birds

ERNEST A. DENCH

Photograph from National Association of Audubon Societies

WHEN we get down to nature, as we often do at vacation time, we can't approach sufficiently near to the wild birds for any length of time to study them at first hand. As soon as we come in sight the songsters fly off to the boughs of some stately tree. So when we see on the movie screen some remarkable close-up views of different birds we pause to wonder how the camera man got the studies unobserved. Maybe a suspicion of doubt passes through our minds. Well, this article is to assure you that there is no faking — the cinematographer succeeds by reason of his own resourcefulness.

mask formed of tree branches. When a kingfisher ventured within view he moved cautiously so as to deceive the bird into thinking that the boughs were being floated along by the current.

And where was his camera? That, let me tell you, was under his sheltering contrivance, fixed to an anchored floating base. His first filming effort was a failure, for the camera's clicking noise frightened the bird away. But one futile attempt did not daunt this enterprising young man, for he next procured another camera and attached it to the same floating base. Day by day he waited for the regular



KINGFISHER FLYING FROM NEST IN BANK

Edward A. Salisbury, who has put America on the natural history film map, recently wanted to secure some snappy views of the eagle, so he climbed up an exceedingly tall pine tree, struggling gamely with his camera, which turned the scale at eighty pounds. It proved, however, no easy task to fix the camera in the top boughs of this majestic forest specimen, so he tried one way after another until the machine would keep in position. When he succeeded in doing this he had the utmost difficulty in coaxing the young eagles to remain in their nests.

To obtain a film study of herons he made screens out of vegetation growths picked from a tract haunted by the birds. These screens were so cleverly arranged to match the undergrowth that even Mr. Salisbury, on returning the next morning, wandered for over an hour before he could locate his hiding-place. He was soon rewarded, however, by two male birds appearing, and while they indulged in a scrap he turned the crank of the camera. Imagine, then, his disappointment, when developing the negative, to find a blade of grass had obstructed the view of the lens.

It is a distinct feather in the cinematographer's cap to "capture" the kingfisher, that shy handsome bird. I happen, however, to know of one camera man who attempted the difficult stunt. He went about it by studying for himself the haunts of the kingfisher. This completed, he took up quarters in a stream at a place where the water was four feet deep. Over his head and shoulders he placed a large

appearance of his victim, when he turned the handle of the second camera, which was minus any film. This went on for seven weeks, at the end of which the kingfisher paid no attention to the working of the motion picture machine.

All the operator had to show for his untiring efforts was a strip of film two hundred feet in length. Snappy, it is true, but it was run off the screen in two minutes.

Some British birds are cliff dwellers, and this adds an element of danger to the work of the motion picture photographer. He usually works with a tripodless camera and has himself lowered down a tall cliff on a rope. The extra powerful lenses come in handy to approach the birds at a distance unawares.

Equally tedious to film are those birds that favor the ground for building their nests, for, apart from requiring considerable skill to focus the apparatus in the right angle, it is hard to "snap" the feathered creatures off their guard.

Who now wishes to be a natural history cinematographer?

A NEWSPAPER man recalls Wu Ting Fang's famous wheeze about the Chinaman who committed suicide by eating gold leaf.

"But I don't see how that killed him — how did it?" inquired a society man.

"I suppose," said Wu, seriously, "that it was the consciousness of inward guilt!"

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will prosecute all persons who abandon their animals.

A WAR DOG

NELLIE M. COYE

I'M doing all I can to help the war.
 I was not drafted, — I was simply sent.
 I had no choice. It must be it was meant
 That I should live the trench life for a while:
 Search for the wounded, bring them succor, then
 Carry some message through a rain of shell
 Into the forefront of the battle-field.
 I wear my red cross as the nurse does hers;
 For though I cannot help to heal the wounds,
 I find the wounded ones who need her aid.
 I hope you do not think I am afraid,
 Being a dog, bravely to do my part.
 Although I cannot speak yet I can feel,
 And voice my language through my soulful eyes.
 I'm in the war to stay if I am spared
 German atrocities; and my red cross
 Will win my way to where the wounded are.

A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS DOG

THE mother of Captain Joseph Leon Philips, 3rd U. S. Cavalry in France, writes us from Thibodaux, Louisiana, that, just before sailing, this young soldier son sent home his trunk from Fort Sam Houston with the things he was to leave behind. Among the contents of the trunk was a tear-stained sheet of paper, and a picture of "Vic," his dog who had died, and also "Vic's" collar. Below is a part of what he called "A Parting Tribute": —



"VIC"

Vic has gone.

No longer is a returning team greeted at the gate, nor, when one of us, night-traveling, comes home, do we hear the rap-rap-rap of the heavy tail beating a welcome to the fireside, that, during our absence, has been so efficiently protected. He is gone, and the family mourns his loss as at the loss of a member. Vic was a registered Scotch collie, sable and white, large and handsome; yet not alone upon beauty nor pride of ancestry did he seek to justify his existence. A trained sheep dog was he, and none better ever gladdened the heart of a Washington shepherd. When the family left Washington's mountains for the rich, alluvial soil of the sunny south, Vic also made the journey; but he suffered from climatic change, and, when a contagious local disease seized him, despite most faithful attention, he succumbed to its effects; and now, — O Vic! — all we have to remember you by is just a picture, and, hanging above it on the wall, a useless, half-worn collar!

And yet, these are not all; — how many bits of recollection, wrapped in the skein of memory, bring him back to us; there are so many incidents we have no wish to forget; for, through so much storm and sunshine, so many winter's snows and summer's flowers, have we worked and played, eaten and slept, toiled and frolicked together.

We love to think of him as when he would
 (Continued on page 64)

Dogs and the War



Courtesy of Vanity Fair

"BALDY OF NOME" WHO HAS 28 SONS AND GRANDSONS SERVING AS
 SLED DOGS IN THE FRENCH ARMY IN THE ALPS



From Illustrated London News

MASCOTS IN THE BRITISH BATTLE-PLANE SQUADRON



Photo by International Film Service

FOUR-FOOTED ANGELS OF MERCY

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

September, 1918

FOR TERMS see last page.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

WHERE KILLING IS KINDNESS

THE careful study that resulted in the discovery of how to kill the cattle fever tick has meant not only money to the cattlemen of the South, but untold relief to the unfortunate animals who have had to suffer from the tortures inflicted upon them by this parasite. Whatever end this particular tick was designed to serve in the economy of nature no one seems to know. One southern paper under the caption "Be Kind to Animals Week" had the following:—

"Any one who has watched the poor tick-infested cattle suffer from irritation, caused by the ticks boring holes in their hides to suck their life-blood, must realize that eradication of the ticks is a worth while humane act, even if it did not pay large profits to the owners from improved conditions of the animals."

It was a Boston physician and expert, Dr. Theobald Smith, who found out the secret of the fever tick and the method of its destruction. This has made possible the freeing of vast sections in the South from this pest, the raising in these sections of hundreds of thousands of healthy cattle, and made life for all these creatures immeasurably less fraught with suffering.

KNOWING THE DOG

NOMAD," of the *Boston Transcript*, evidently has learned the heart of a dog. In referring to a dog whose owner left a trust fund of \$10,000 to care for him in luxury till he died, he says:

"But think how many dogs there are who are beautifully cared for, without any trust fund at all! Does the dog himself, in such a case, know the difference? A dog's gratitude, by the way, is seldom awarded merely for food and luxurious care. The dog likes the food, and is willing to accept all the luxuries. But his gratitude goes to the one who speaks cordially and understandingly to him, and who accepts his company gladly. A dog is happier with genial and intimate human companionship than he is with the luxuries of life.

"If the owner of a dog, leaving him behind, can certainly bequeath him to an intelligent and understanding and humane mastership, and not a cent with it, that bequest will be much more deeply appreciated by the dog than relegation to a life of luxury within four walls and a high-fenced back-yard."

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN FRANCE

THE editor of an Arkansas newspaper sends us a letter from his son who is fighting in France. This young soldier, the father and mother say, "has read *Our Dumb Animals* since he was a small boy." Who shall doubt its influence upon his character? He writes a most interesting and well-written letter which deserves more space than the few lines we quote from it. It should be said that this young man came to Boston and enlisted in the 101st Massachusetts, because he was anxious to get into service at the earliest possible moment. Before enlisting he was with the *Boston Post* for a time. Here are two paragraphs of the letter home:—

"I would like to go to church this morning at the little brown stone church in the valley, with its red tiled roof ashining up out of the green, but the 'padre' went to war years ago and the altar cloth is covered with dust. There is a bit of mud on the floor before the Virgin Mary, where perhaps some tired boy paused on his way up the long and winding road to the battle line, to kneel and remember his God and mother, just as I have, following his example today.

"Down in the valley below us is an American reaper and binder stopped in the middle of the field, old straw is still in it, an unbound bundle of wheat. The machine is old and rusty and the one-time peaceful wheat field has been turned into a battle-field. I wonder the story of it. Did the old farmer start out at sunrise one morning in fateful 1914 with no thought of war, to harvest his wheat and perhaps, say about 10 o'clock, did a flying squadron of French cavalry ride grimly through his wheat to meet the green-gray clad Uhlan invaders?"

HAS HE HAD HIS DAY?

THE war dog we are told is "down and out." His fidelity and intelligence have been matched by the deadly gas.

"With two years' record for almost human brains Pyramus, carrying a vital range correction message through a barrage, stopped tranquilly in some crater shelter and pawed at his mask until he had four good-sized breathing holes, then trotted on through fire and crashes. He delivered the message and then fell down. Soon Pyramus was coughing piteously. Later he passed away."

So writes Sterling Heilig in the *New York Sun*. The American forces in France are providing no kennels for the training and use of dogs. The radialgraph and its only rival, the carrier pigeon, must be the army's swiftest message-bearers.

A LONDON CAT

BEFORE a London magistrate a few weeks ago a woman sought to claim a cat she had taken from the street and befriended. The judge decided that if the person who really owned it wanted it back ownership would have to be proved which would be a very difficult matter as cats could not be depended on to respond to their names as dogs do.

"I remember," said the magistrate reminiscently, "a similar case in which a cat was said to answer to the name of 'Tiny.' It was called by that name and took no notice; it simply went over to the fireplace and scratched itself behind the ears. That is the way of cats. You cannot tame them as you can dogs."

BIRDS AT OUR VACATION FARM

AT the Vacation Farm for Horses of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the following birds have been seen this spring and summer. Besides these several others have been heard which could not be identified by their songs:—

Baltimore oriole, orchard oriole, black-billed cuckoo, hairy woodpecker, flicker, chimney swift, barn swallow, ruby-throated hummingbird, kingbird, phoebe, wood pewee, blue jay, nuthatch, bobolink, cowbird, red-winged blackbird, meadowlark, crane, pigeon, crow, blackbird (common), pheasant, quail, purple grackle, purple finch, American goldfinch, English sparrow, vesper sparrow, white-throated sparrow, chipping sparrow, slate-colored junco, song sparrow, rose-breasted grosbeak, indigo bunting, scarlet tanager, cedar waxwing, red-eyed vireo, yellow-throated vireo, black and white warbler, worm-eating warbler, chickadee, myrtle warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated green warbler, yellow warbler, pine warbler, oven-bird, water-thrush, Canadian warbler, American red-start, catbird, brown thrasher, Wilson's thrush, hermit thrush, robin, bluebird, owl, nighthawk, sparrow hawk, olive-sided flycatcher.

DOGS IN ENGLAND

FROM the *Animal World*, London, we learn of the deep concern of dog owners in England lest the low grade of flour used in manufacturing dog biscuits be wholly refused for that purpose. This magazine just mentioned prints the following from John Galsworthy:—

"Before we will consent to the starvation or destruction of dogs," he says, "we shall have to be told definitely that we are unable to get on without that calamity. I for one flatly refuse to believe that we are in anything like that case.

"Why does not the Government wipe out the theater, why does it allow music, books, every other mental and spiritual relief which takes up time and energy? Why not make a clean sweep of them? Because the Government know that we cannot go on supporting this strain without some relief. Well, I say that our dogs are as great, nay, a greater comfort than any of these things. The Government must leave them to us."

According to latest reports certain quantities of this low grade flour were being released. *The Animal World* may well say:—

It would be remembered that thousands of dogs in this country belong to the husbands or sons at the front and are kept in trust for the master's return, or in those many sad cases where the master would never return they are kept as the last link with the loved one.

BIRDS AND "BOOZE"

THE *St. Augustine Evening Record* says: Theoretically there is no booze to be had in St. John's county, but in fact, there is an abundance of it in plain sight. Scores of "tigers" that are not blind, may be seen on the branches of chinaberry trees, and the rollicking rakes of the feathered songsters gather in great numbers every day for a spree. The chinaberry has a "kick" to it that frequently robs the birds of their powers of locomotion and then they fall prey to lurking cats. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard.

Three dollars and a half gives a week's vacation for a tired horse at our Farm



Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance), Brookline 6100
L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	669
Animals examined	5345
Number of prosecutions	17
Number of convictions	16
Horses taken from work	136
Horses humanely destroyed	72
Small animals humanely destroyed	464

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	36,750
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	42

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges a bequest of \$500 from Miss Isabella Wait of Greenfield.

The Society has received gifts of \$100 each from J. R. M. and, for the Alexander P. Sears Fund, Mrs. E. S. P., and \$100 each from Mrs. C. F. K. and R. F. T. for the new ambulance; \$75 from M. H. T. in memory of her mother S. F. T., for horses' vacation; \$50 from J. M. L.; \$25 each from Mrs. J. W. C., W. B. P. W., A. D. R., and E. W. H.; \$20 each from H. W. W., W. H., M. G. E. and R. S.; \$50 from Mrs. M. K. B. and \$25 from Mrs. M. A. C. for horses' vacation and summer work.

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Elizabeth Reed of Boston and of Mrs. L. N. Kettle of Weston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$100 from Mrs. A. T. W., \$17.48 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature, and \$150.42 interest.

August 13, 1918.

MRS. KENDALL'S RESIGNATION

IT is with great regret that we announce the resignation and retirement of Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall as president of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society of Nashua. Mrs. Kendall founded this Society eleven years ago, and extended its work very effectively throughout New Hampshire, until it became one of the most active humane organizations in the Eastern States.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.,
Chief Veterinarian

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.	} Veterinarians
C. A. BOUTELLE, D.V.S.	
B. S. KILLIAN, D.V.M.	
T. B. McDONALD, D.V.S.	
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D.	} With U. S. Army
J. G. M. DEVITA, V.M.D.	
E. F. SHROEDER, D.V.S.	

Treatment for sick or injured animals

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	261	Cases	258
Dogs	158	Dogs	192
Cats	69	Cats	56
Horses	30	Horses	4
Rabbits	3	Birds	5
Pig	1	Cow	1
Operations	99		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915			9,652
Free Dispensary cases			12,227
Total			21,879

A GREAT LOSS

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had few better friends than Mrs. Ernestine May Kettle, whose sudden death at her summer home in Bar Harbor, Maine, occurred July 25. Mrs. Kettle's interest in the animal world was based largely upon her thought of them as helpless in their needs save as man proved just and kind. Her gifts have been many and generous. We shall cherish her memory as one of our richest inheritances.

LOWELL HUMANE SOCIETY

FOR the six months ending July 1, the Lowell (Massachusetts) Humane Society reports 58 horses, 1657 cats and 670 dogs humanely destroyed; 16 cases of overloaded horses relieved; 33 horses taken from work as unfit; and three prosecutions with three convictions. Unusual cases include humane destruction of two injured deer, rescuing a turtle from cruel treatment and relief of a turkey in an overcrowded crate.

STRICTLY CASH BASIS

SHORTLY after the reconstruction period began an old southern planter met one of his Negroes whom he had not seen since the latter's liberation.

"Well, well!" said the planter; "what are you doing now, Uncle Josh?"
"I se a-preaching' ob de Gospel."
"What! You preaching?"
"Yassah, marster, I se a-preachin'."
"Well, well! Do you use notes?"
"Nossuh. At de fust I use notes, but now I de-mands de cash."

HAVE you helped our fund for watering horses on the streets of Boston (the fountains having long been closed), or the fund for giving vacations to tired horses at our Rest Farm? Gifts for these objects will be very timely this month, and very greatly appreciated.

INCONCEIVABLY CRUEL

ONE of the worst cases of cruelty with which we have ever had to deal occurred last month. Our officer at Springfield received word that in a train load of cattle approaching Palmer some of the animals were in bad condition. Our State officer, happening to be in Springfield with his automobile at the time, both officers hurried to Palmer. When they found the train they insisted that the railroad people cut out one car and unload the animals that their condition might be thoroughly examined. Two calves were so badly injured that they destroyed them. In the end of the car they discovered the results of an act of brutality almost beyond belief. A bull before shipment had torn the ring out of his nose, pulling at the rope. The shipper had then cut with his knife a larger opening between the nostrils, run through the hole a seven-eighths of an inch rope and tied the bull in the car, fastening the rope on either side. The swaying of the car had greatly irritated the cut and the nose was swollen so badly the rope was removed with great difficulty. Upon the evidence produced in court the heartless stockdealer, E. Leroy Barr, of New Braintree, was fined \$200. Had he not been a man with a family we should have urged a jail sentence.

THE TONS YOU EAT

THE *Millennium Guild* takes the daily average of half a pound of meat eaten by each inhabitant of the United States and finds that in 50 years the average meat eater consumes four tons and a half, or, to put it in another way, this average person, at the end of 50 years, has eaten enough tons of meat to be the equivalent of 6 beef cattle, 15 calves, 22 sheep, 40 lambs, 10 hogs, 100 turkeys, 200 chickens and ducks, one deer, besides pigeons and small birds a goodly number. What a slaughter-house we have made out of the world! Yet two-thirds of the population of the globe, it is estimated, never eat meat. Among these latter are millions of sturdy, healthy toilers. We also know that the horse, the ox, the elephant—strongest of our animal workers, build their strength on grasses and cereals.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*
S. L. SHAPLEIGH, *Ass't Treasurer*
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JOHN R. MACOMBER, *President of Harris, Forbes and Company*

Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet, <i>Introduit</i>	des
Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland

Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Mrs. E. L. D. Bryan, Richmond, Virginia
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Seattle, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, Savannah, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Forth Worth, Texas
Miss Mary Harrold, Washington, D.C.
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN HOTELS

BOUND volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* of the past year have been presented to the public parlors of nearly three hundred leading hotels of the country. Courteous acknowledgments by proprietors and managers assure us that these books are very acceptable every year and that they are read by guests of all ages. One manager writes: "We have many children and they are very much interested in your attractive books. They wear them out." A few more copies remain which we will distribute upon request.

It is not only cruel but a violation of law to abandon an animal while on your vacation, or at any other time.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

WE have few warmer friends of our Societies than Mr. Edw. Fox Sainsbury, of England, for many years a resident of France. Our readers will appreciate these selections from his last letter:—

25 Cambridge Gardens, Hastings
June 6, 1918

My dear Doctor Rowley:—

Just a few lines to thank you for your last; one or more of mine must have gone to the bottom of the Atlantic since you say the last you received from me was in mid-January.

This dreadful war, causing untold misery, the death of millions of the best manhood of the civilized world, and, I fear, the ruin of millions of those who will survive it, will not have been all evil.

Old feuds, old prejudices, old hatreds, the outcome of ignorance and racial pride, have been swept away I think forever. Look at the century-old antagonism between France and England. Today it seems impossible it could have ever existed. Today England knows that France has ever been, and still remains, the land of heroes and of women worthy of such men. Today, the carping British critics of American institutions welcome with admiration and deep gratitude your splendid people and the giant efforts made by them to stand by the ideals of right, freedom and civilization. We can truly say thank you a thousand times and God bless you all!

Please, as last year, accept the enclosed trifle given in the name of my dear wife whose life was devoted to humane acts.

There are so few matters that I could write about suitable for your charming magazine, but if you could find room for a few lines on French Idealism it will afford me much pleasure to send a short letter.

One feels like Mr. Lloyd George who said, "The world can never repay France the immense debt of gratitude it owes to her."

My kindest wishes now as always.

Very sincerely yours,

EDW. FOX SAINSBURY

IN THE SCHOOLS OF MADEIRA

AT the request of Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton of Funchal, Madeira, we have compiled a special four page leaflet on "Our Animal Friends and What We Owe Them," which we had translated into Portuguese by Mr. C. Camera, the Portuguese vice-consul in Boston, and printed in that language for circulation in the schools of Madeira. Several thousand copies were sent to Mrs. Houghton who has charge of the humane education work of the S. P. C. A. of the Island. She is most enthusiastic in her expression of gratitude to the American Humane Education Society for this service. Mrs. Houghton, with the assistance of the head inspector of primary schools in Madeira, has translated and adapted Mr. Angell's "Twelve Lessons on Kindness," which, with the addition of two original compositions, will be published in Portuguese as a small booklet, also for use in the schools.

A MUCH RE-READ COPY

FROM H. T. Blackstone, manager of *The Times*, Orillia, Ontario, recently came this letter:—

Dear Editor:—

Do not stop our copy of *Our Dumb Animals*, whatever else you do, as it is the best exchange that comes into the office and we make good use of it. It goes through two or three families of children after we are through with it.

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE

June 23, 1918

My Dear Dr. Rowley:—

YOUR letter, with its splendid offer, has been referred to Colonel John H. Sherburne, and, no doubt, you will hear from him directly. His efficiency and constant devotion to duty have won for him the highest praise from both the French and Americans. This regiment is particularly fortunate in having such a brave and thorough man as its leader.

Our horses have reached such good condition, after a rather severe winter for them, that a week ago we had a regimental horse show. The first prize went to A battery of Boston, in the single mount class, and this horse would compare rather favorably with horses in a Boston horse show. The men in this regiment have been so tired as to be almost numb, so hungry as to be almost ravenous, and so wet and cold as to be almost miserable, and yet horses were always fed and made comfortable before they even thought of their own discomforts. Never has it been necessary to urge men to look after their animals. Our supply company has had several commendations from high commanders, for the splendid condition of the mules. At the first sign of any grass, and also at the present time, the men have eagerly seized the chance to graze their animals. Neglect of animals, in this regiment, is unknown, and needless to state, no animal is ever abused. We have lost some horses from the enemy's shell fire, including one of the Colonel's. Wounds have been few, however, and have responded readily to treatment.

In this little French farming village, where we are now quartered with the horses, there is quite a colony of tame swallows. They build their nests in hallways and even in rooms, and they are never disturbed. They are quite fearless and will even suffer to be stroked on their nests without any sign of fear. Some few cows and farm horses remain near the front, and all available fields are kept tilled. These farm horses are large boned, good sized animals, and their coats and splendid condition show that they do not suffer for lack of care.

Before I close this letter permit me to worship at the shrine of the American soldier. Nowhere in this world is the superior of the American soldier to be found. Fearless to a degree of recklessness, quick to learn, and, even under the most trying conditions, always cheerful and willing. Real feats of heroism have been innumerable, and are constantly taking place. Even those who knew are moved to give unstinted praise to the splendid young men in our army. As the whole world now knows, the 101st F. A. has fully lived up to its reputation as a splendid regiment. The Croix de Guerre has been pinned, by French commanders, on several of our officers and men.

Allow me to express my admiration for your splendid offer and to assure you we all appreciate your kindness.

Most sincerely,

E. A. Dowd, M.V.D.

MR. BARNWELL IN CAMP

BY invitation, our field worker in Texas, Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, spoke to over eleven hundred colored soldiers at Camp McArthur in Waco the last Sunday in June. On the following Sunday he addressed a large audience, both white and colored. He is distributing many copies of "The Horse's Prayer," and obtaining many hundreds of members for the Jack London Club.

THE HUMANE CAUSE AFTER THE WAR

SYDNEY RICHMOND TABER

IN an address delivered by Prof. Gilbert Murray, in London, after speaking of "the leagues and leagues of human suffering that is now spreading across Europe," he added, "Behind that you have the suffering of the dumb animals. We are not likely to forget that."

Nor are the humanitarians of America likely to prove forgetful on that point. But may it not be that the misery caused by war constitutes the necessary though terrible price for a better day in the animal world? "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Never before in the history of the world have men's minds been more convinced of the horrible waste and futility of war as a method of settling international quarrels. Out of this public sentiment, coupled with an increasing inclination towards a league of nations to insure peace, to which the leading statesmen of the world already stand committed, it is possible to predict at least a diminishing recurrence of international slaughter and an approximation to an ultimate and permanent state of peace. The blessings of this advance will redound to the salvation of animals as well as of human beings.

There is a consensus of opinion that the world hereafter will not be the same. "We shall all be changed." There is to be not only a new but a better world. Already there has sprung up a democratic brotherhood among nations, and when ultimate victory rests with those who are fighting to make democracy safe, a government of the people, by the people, for the people of the world will have been inaugurated. In view of this prospect and of the fact that the greatest advance in the humane treatment of animals has hitherto been achieved in the democratic countries of Great Britain and America, humanitarians may well take heart.

Among its many lessons, the war is teaching comradeship in arms, from which there may confidently be expected to flow comradeship in all the activities and pursuits of peace. The world-wide democracy is to be not merely political but also industrial and social. In this larger world, success is going to be estimated by one thing only, and that is, *service*. And service to fellow-men is but a step short of service to fellow-beings — a step that will prove inevitable.

The present conflict is avowedly one for justice and righteousness. Animal lovers can ask nothing better than the realization of these aims, knowing that the habit of justice and righteousness among men will surely breed the just and right treatment of animals.

The world is being confronted with death on a scale never before known, an experience that is producing world-wide soberness of thought, and a tremendous quickening of the sense of responsibility and of duty. And the degree and variety of the suffering will surely leave its impression upon mankind for generations to come. The innumerable agencies for ministering to the desolate, the hungry, the wounded and maimed and dying, point to the fact that human pity and sympathy have been stirred as never before. In the blessings resulting from this remarkable development of humane feeling, it cannot be doubted that all who are defenseless and needy, whether dumb or human, will share.



MEMORIAL TO HORSES LOST IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR

Tokyo, Japan,
June 1, 1918

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

The enclosed photograph is one of a monument erected as a memorial to horses killed in the Russo-Japanese War. It is located in the public park of the town of Sano in Aso County of Tochigi Prefecture. It was unveiled with fitting ceremonies on October 10, 1907.

The people in the picture are the townsfolk who first proposed the monument. The man

in a Prince Albert coat is said to have been the head-man of the district at that time.

The big Chinese characters engraved at the top were originally written by General Viscount (then Baron) Oshima, one of the heroes of the Russo-Japanese War. The inscription was written by a well-known Chinese scholar. From the inscription, it appears that some 1260 horses from Aso and neighboring districts were killed in the Russo-Japanese War.

Sincerely yours,
E. W. CLEMENT

A FRIENDLY WOODPECKER

IN the *Isabella County Courier*, of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, we find this account of a woodpecker coming to the relief of a mother robin: —

On Friday last occurred a peculiar incident in the garden of a Main street home. A cry of distress from the birds sent the man of the house to find out the cause, and he discovered a baby robin being mauled by a cat. The animal was driven off, and the bird placed in a comfortable position, and the man watched the mother robin feed it and care for it for two hours. Here is the strange part of the story. During those two hours the mother robin never left its charge for a moment, and the food for the baby robin was provided at very regular intervals by a woodpecker from which the mother robin took and fed it to the baby robin, which recovered, as might be expected, after such excellent nursing.

But in addition to the quality of mercy evoked by suffering, the war is furnishing a demonstration of that supreme quality of the heart of which there is no greater evidence than this, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." Who shall number the instances that the war has afforded of self-sacrificing devotion and love, or measure the reflex action of these things upon the hearts of men everywhere?

So while to those whose sensibilities are racked by the thought of animal suffering the night through which we are now passing may seem dark, there is a light in the sky, presaging the dawn of a new day. At the cost of infinite pain, the world is now learning a lesson to which it has been obdurate during the thousands of years since these words were uttered:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do *justly*, and to *love mercy*, and to *walk humbly* with thy God?"

RIDERLESS

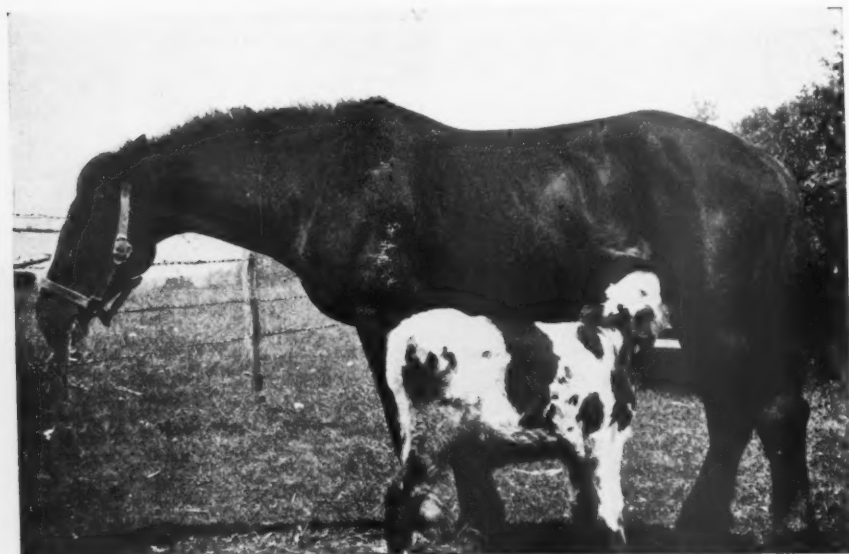
HELEN M. RICHARDSON

I STOOD upon a battle-field in France
 With all my sinews quivering for the fray.
 I saw my master buckle on his bell,
 Vault to my back, and felt his long caress
 About my arching neck, and then I knew
 We must press onward to the battle front.
 I felt the fire leap into my eyes
 And blaze its way along the path we kept.
 I'd carry him to victory, — I, his horse.
 I would not fail him though the bullets whizzed
 Like hail around us: — I would hold him up
 To do his share: — I'd be a hero's horse.
 I kept my faith, — I held him till he fell.
 And long hours after stood I by his side,
 Nor thought of fleeing until some one took
 My bridle in his hand and led me back
 Beyond the firing line. I care not now
 What may betide, since my dear master lies
 Dead on a field in France.

THE FALLEN HORSE

MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S love to music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury. When rector of Bemerton, in one of his walks to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, "That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast."

IZAACK WALTON'S "Lives"



BROOD MARE ADOPTS MOTHERLESS CALF

IN the *Boston Post* appeared this picture of a bereaved mare nursing an orphan calf.

Companions in misery, the motherless calf on the farm of Gustaf Hallen, near Leicester, Mass., and a mare whose colt died, have joined forces, says the *Post* correspondent. Just as carefully as she would watch over her offspring, the mare is protecting the calf, even so far as feeding it.

The calf's mother died and the mare lost her foal. For a while, Mr. Hallen kept giving the calf milk. Several days ago he noticed the calf refused to take any. He was at a loss to understand the reason until going into a field where both calf and mare had been put. There he saw the calf contentedly receiving nourishment from the mare. Since then the mare has acted as mother to the calf.

Misconceptions about Animals

L. E. EUBANKS

INSTINCTIVE fear makes us too ready to believe many untrue stories regarding attacks of animals on persons. The average person believes that a bear, for instance, has but to see a man to pursue him. Positively, this is not true. One of the most experienced hunters in America told me that in all his travels he had known but one instance of a bear's unprovoked attack on a man. Bruin is not cowardly; he puts up a great battle when he gets to going, but he prefers peace.

Hunger is the principal cause when wild animals attack man. Even then it generally is after they have failed to find a creature with which they have had experience. There are psychological reasons for this hesitation in tackling a person; an illustration is seen in the circus trainer's mastery of kings of the jungle.

Many misconceptions exist on this subject. In this country it is generally believed that the lion is the terror of the African forest. Rev. Theodore R. Westervelt, fresh from many thrilling experiences in African wilds, affirms that this is all wrong. The lion—and the leopard, which has almost as bad a reputation—avoids people unless crazed by hunger. Hyenas kill more people in Africa than do lions—principally children; they seldom attack adults.

Next to hunger in the animal, as a cause, comes fear in the person. The same animal that attacks one man may run from another. When I was a boy, we lads had to cross a pasture to reach the swimming hole. A notorious old red bull objected to our trespassing. He would never tackle a crowd of us; but I was the only one who could singly cross his domain. I shook

in my boots (figuratively—I was barefoot), but assumed great courage and carried a stick. I had the old fellow completely subdued, and he would run from me on sight. Dogs are similarly constituted; they know when a man fears them; so do horses—I think all animals do. Wolves are especially quick to detect fear. They will run from a bold dog, but try to intimidate a puppy; and once they get the youngster started they show worlds of courage, and will run him to death.

Animals recognize mastery among themselves. A hyena knows it must not disturb a feeding leopard; it waits for what the latter leaves. The jackal, in turn, waits on the hyena.

The big Canadian moose is a fighter. During the breeding season he may without the spur of hunger attack a man; but this is unusual. Once "riled," he is a tough customer. One of the most dangerous animals to man is the African buffalo. He would attack a locomotive when the notion strikes him. To back up his indomitable spirit, he has immense muscular power (being heavier than our American buffalo) and long concave-curving horns.

The rhinoceros would be just as formidable as the buffalo were his sight as good. But he has to go a bit slowly because of dependence on the sense of smell. Once within a few yards of his object, where his weak eyes can distinguish it—then look out! His charge is something terrible, and the only safe place is a tree. When African natives are asked what animal they most fear, nearly all of them do not hesitate to say the rhino.

Formerly, many untrue stories were told of the elephant's ferocity, to justify its slaughter. All lovers of animals should be glad that a British protectorate now covers these animals.

ANIMALS AS SENTINELS

A WOUNDED soldier, asked what had surprised him most in the battle zone, told of finding a robin's nest in an empty shell case.

As a rule birds are the finest sentinels among the lower-down folk. They become aware of approaching aircraft long before man hears anything. Early in the war parrots were kept at the Eiffel Tower as sentinels, but they grew accustomed to the sound of enemy planes and were no longer of use. Pheasants always grow restless and chatter noisily if Zeppelins are approaching, even when they are far away, so far that man can hear no sound.

What is perhaps stranger is the fact that such ordinary creatures as pigs should sight a balloon when it is coming over. The "blister" makes no sound, yet should one appear against the sky miles from a farmyard, the farmer will be made aware of the fact by the curious antics of his pigs and the clucking of his hens.

Toy dogs are always susceptible to the presence of danger, and many a pet shows uneasiness before a raid. Cats, too, show fear of gun-fire and seem to know when danger threatens.

Dogs, birds and horses are very sensitive to sound. Watch the birds during a daylight raid, listen to the dogs, and visit the stable where the horse restively stamps up and down. But that all animals can accustom themselves to sounds that cause fear is proved by our cavalry horses, dogs that accompany their masters into the firing line, and the robin's nest in the empty shell case.

—Til Bits

American Red Cross—Junior Membership

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. McCracken

National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

How We Are Making Young Americans

TO understand and to support intelligently American ideals and institutions—to know the good things the nation is working toward and to join in that work—this is to be a good American. The Red Cross is teaching patriotism to its 8,000,000 Junior members through the greatest educational system in the world—active service. Moreover, every school auxiliary is a distributing center for patriotism to its whole community. The convincing sincerity and enthusiasm of youth carry it into every home. Ignorance, laziness or selfishness may build a wall between a family or even a town and the stirring events, the high enterprises, of today. They cannot stand against the children's onslaught.

From west and east, from north and south come stories of children, the children of the Red Cross, who are playing their part in the molding of a nation.

All through the Southwest the Junior Red Cross is breaking down the barriers that surround the foreigners. Too shy to go to chapter workrooms or to talk to strangers, they have had no contact with the patriotic life of their communities. Now the women are coming to school with their children, asking to be allowed to sew for the war-sufferers.

America has her quota of slackers, often well-meaning citizens who are disloyal more through selfishness or crankiness than malignant intent. This problem would be solved if a Red Cross Junior could be supplied to every "slacking" home. Any able-bodied citizen would be shamed into activity by the sight of the perfect sweater (shown at the Junior Red Cross exhibit at the National Education Association con-

vention) that was knit by a girl who had only one arm.

Here is a story of reformation. A "whirlwind campaign" had won 100% membership for a Chicago school, and the children were very proud of their new Red Cross buttons. At the end of the first day one boy brought his badge to "teacher," with the request that she keep it over night. His father had promised to give him a beating if he came home with "any such nonsense." Teacher explained that that button was his own responsibility; he had wanted to join the Red Cross, and he couldn't be a member in school and a non-member outside. The boy saw the issue at once, and wore his button home, with a good deal of trepidation. Next day he was looking cheerful. He had not been punished, though family disapproval was deep. Work progressed and with it the Junior's enthusiasm. A month later the boy's father appeared at school. Teacher prepared for a struggle. "Say," he asked, "how can I get one of them Red Cross buttons like my boy wears?"

Race prejudices are giving way before sympathy of ideals. Twenty-six small Japanese girls and boys form the Rock Spring School of New Castle, California. On November 2, they organized their school Auxiliary to sew for French refugees. East and west meet in the American school-room. Here is a letter from Kaiji Uchikura to the war orphan adopted by his school:—

Berkeley, California
Feb. 7, 1918

Dear Little Brother:

We are very glad to have new little French

brother. You have about 45 elder brothers in Garfield School, Berkeley, California in U. S.

This state is a best state in U. S. and Berkeley best city in State. Garfield School best school in city. So you know where and what kind school your brother attending to school. We are going to adopt you until two years. Those words will never break by ourselves.

Now young brother let us tell you how adoption begun. When the teacher told about adoption of other class we choose the President and Vice President which please among us quickly as possible. Those boys will keep account of these. Have you a brother or sister? How many? How are your looks like? Describe yourself and tell to us. By and By we will send money for your picture and your mother. We are glad to do this Because it is part of our bit, and when an opportunity come we may come to see you.

Now we must have close the letter, Please write to us when your mother have time. Take good care of yourself.

Your friend,
KAIJI UCHIKURA

It is a human law that no one can love greatly without rendering service. The work these boys and girls are doing for the nation with their heads and their hands is strengthening the emotional thrill roused by the Stars and Stripes into something more durable and more active—the necessity for serving. When Red Cross Juniors stand at a salute to say, "I pledge allegiance to my flag—" we know that as Kaiji Uchikura says, "Those words will never break by ourselves."

The Growing Rabbit

A YOUNG cotton-tailed rabbit a few days before leaving the nest has well-nigh the equipment of the race. His fear of the unusual is considerable. His leg muscles are strong. He washes his face and all the long fur from his nose to his cotton-tail; he knows how to dig; he turns his long ears or lifts his sensitive nostrils in the direction of sound or odor. He is very silent, seldom using his high-pitched voice and always moving softly on his padded feet. He crouches motionless to escape an enemy without having observed that his coat matches the ground in color. He does all these things without having been taught. He wanders only a little way from the nest. If he attempts even to cross the road; he may find himself in a wheel rut so deep for his diminutive size that he has difficulty in scrambling out.

In his play he practices the simple activities of his later life. It is endless fun to hop and hop, though sometimes the distance covered is so short that he goes up and down like a bobbing mechanical toy wound up. He is continually at the game of jumping with light, high springs over his companions' backs. He tests everything with his nose and then with his teeth. He cautiously pokes his head into every hole he finds. At the slightest sound or near movement an instantaneous spring of the hind legs lands Bunny two or three feet away, where he "freezes," looking remarkably as if made up of several pieces put together—the round body,

the head jointed into that and four little pegs set in underneath for legs. He is continuously getting more or less seriously frightened and jumping away in some unexpected direction, crouching on the ground or racing to the nest. If there proves to be no danger he often gives a series of high, short jumps as if he were a rebounding rubber ball, or shakes himself off his feet so that he wavers in the air a moment before regaining his balance. He never goes round anything that he can crawl under and what he cannot go under he tries to climb over. He stretches up beside a stone and after finding that he cannot possibly scale it, he jumps up, and immediately down on the other side. Then he does it all over again, and again, and still again before something else attracts him.

But in a week or ten days more Bunny has changed from babyhood to youth and according to the custom of his race is living an independent existence. He has his own "squat" at the edge of the woods, where he sits and nods with open sleepy-looking eyes. He is solitary in habit except in the late afternoon and at night when he eats and plays with the other rabbits of the neighborhood and probably has again the warm taken-care-of feeling of the nest as he touches noses with some one of his baby companions.

His teeth have grown so sharp and strong that they urge him to bite every tough twig, lichen and piece of bark. His claws are longer and sharper and with the increased develop-

ment of his leg muscles give him some slight means of defense. His ears have increased in size. The gray fur of his cotton-tail and about his nostrils has become white. A wild look has taken the place of the baby expression in his wide black eyes (the brown iris wholly contracts at night). He dashes at breakneck speed in curving lines, to stop with alarming suddenness. He makes every movement, if only to turn his head, with startling alertness, an expression of joyousness and freedom.

As to his eating, he disdains ragweed, mustard, amaranth and many other plants; but he often takes a nibble in passing of curled dock, pepper-grass and pigweed. He may take more than a nibble of plantain and mallow. But how he does like clover! He hunts for it among the grass and weeds and sits down in contentment when he finds a plant. He buries his head in it and greedily eats the flowers first, sticking out his slim, long tongue at the right, then at the left, and wiggling his expressive mouth and nose with great satisfaction as he finishes. After disposing of a leaf he chews the stem down to the ground. He may even dig up the roots. Sometimes two young rabbits get hold of the same clover and the two heads tug and pull with never an effort to use the hands in the contest. One surprising thing about Bunny is that he never uses his front feet as hands to manage his food but instead awkwardly pulls and pushes it about with his mouth and head.

THE SPIDER'S WEB

ELEANOR BALDWIN

I SAW a shining palace in the sun,
All radiant with dew and lightly spun
Of slender silver thread and rainbow glow,
Swung in the air where dark-eyed daisies grow.

"Surely," I said, "a wood-elf with bright wings
Makes this her home and gaily laughs and swings
Forward and back when gentle breezes pass
With eager, dancing feet along the grass."

And then I saw, climbing a lovely flower,
An ogre-thing, seeking his fairy bower,
And "Oh," I said, "Thou art not fair to see,
But God hath taught His wondrous art to thee."

NEW MEXICO INDIANS WIN BIRD PRIZES

SEVEN out of ten first prizes in the bird puzzle contest, conducted last spring by the Albuquerque Game Protective Association, were carried away by Pueblo and Navajo Indian children. The contest was open to all school children in New Mexico, of which the native Indians form but a small fraction, but the superior first-hand knowledge of the young Redmen made them easy winners over all other contestants. The contest consisted of twenty questions on native New Mexico birds, arranged to bring out knowledge of their habits and an understanding of their value to agriculture.

MORE BANDS IN PORTO RICO

SEVERAL new Bands of Mercy have been organized this summer in Porto Rico, through the untiring efforts of Mrs. Francisco Patxot, who has visited a number of different towns on this mission. It is her purpose to continue introducing the Band of Mercy throughout the Island and to keep in touch with each Band that has been established. There are now over 1500 members, and Mrs. Patxot hopes to double this number next year.

MANY SEA GULLS

IT is said that there are at least 20 different kinds of sea gulls. Not all of these stay near the sea, building their nests in the rocks and flying in great circles over the waves; some travel far inland, always flying with great swiftness and power.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT	} State Organizers
L. H. GUYOL	

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and fourteen new Bands of Mercy were reported in July. Of these 54 were in schools of Rhode Island; 46 in Kentucky; six in Saskatchewan, Canada; three in Georgia, and one each in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and California.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 115,283



Copyright Life Pub. Co.

"OH, MOTHER, IF THIS WAR LASTS ANOTHER YEAR WE'LL PUT FOUR NEW STARS ON THAT FLAG!"

APPRECIATIVE WORDS

FROM Mrs. Eliza E. Peterson, Texarkana, Ark.-Tex., superintendent of the department of work among colored people of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, we have received this unsolicited testimonial of our magazine and of one of our field workers:—

My dear Dr. Rowley:—

The one hundred Horse's Prayer cards received for which I am very grateful. Also the July number of *Our Dumb Animals* received. Have read it through and as all the numbers are, this is full of interest. I read it through without stopping. Some years ago, I paid for two subscriptions of that paper into two homes where there were blind eyes and dead ears to the needs and the cries of our brothers in fur and feathers, and today one home is completely transformed into a home of love and mercy, and the other is wonderfully improved. For all of this I thank God for the medium of *Our Dumb Animals*.

It has been my pleasure recently to hear the Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell of Fort Worth and to talk with him. He is accomplishing vast good for righteousness. Sentiment is being changed right along from indifference to consideration of the sub-human creatures. I was happy to see the lantern slides in Marlin, Texas, where he showed them with great success to a crowded house and more young people than old, which was the better. We are so thankful for the humane society keeping such a worker in our section.

I am glad to find Rev. Barnwell sincere and through and through a humane man.

With prayers for your continued success and that of the cause, I am

Yours for justice and mercy,

ELIZA E. PETERSON

Thank you for "Minor Minor Prophets." It is fine.

GAMMER GURTON'S OLD CAT

WE owe to the cat, perhaps, the finest sketch of a 16th century interior that has come down to us, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the first English comedies. The "initial impulse," to speak technically, is furnished by Gib, Gammer Gurton's old cat. As Gammer was patching her son Hodge's breeches, she spied Gib over head and ears in the milk-pan, and in lunging at her with her staff she lost her needle, her "fayre long strayght neele." This certainly was a catastrophe in the days when needles were laboriously made by hand. Hodge started to help find the missing tool. By this time Gib had returned to the house and was crouching in the dead ashes in the fireplace. Hodge, raking about to find a spark at which to light the candle, at last thought he saw two sparks in a corner. "Puff!" quoth Hodge, as he blew on the supposed blaze. At that Gib shut her eyes and the fire was out. Repeated blowing set Gib to winking at such a rate that the poor boy concluded the fire was bewitched. The truth was revealed when Gib in a panic darted up the stairs with Hodge in full pursuit.

— Boston Herald

AUTO TRAFFIC HELD UP BY CATS

AN interested contributor to *Our Dumb Animals* vouches for the truth of this amusing anecdote:—

An odd scene recently occurred on Sixteenth Street, "the Avenue of the Presidents," Washington, D.C. The autos on that pleasure drive suddenly stopped. A black cat, followed by her four kittens in a line with their tails up in the air, was crossing the roadway. The mother cat stopped now and then to see if the kittens were following. After they had crossed the traffic was resumed. Everybody was laughing at the unusual sight. Cats were trumps that day on the fashionable Avenue of the Presidents.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN OF REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL

MR. BARNWELL is our colored field worker in Texas. The baby, Almon Angell, gave his first Liberty bond to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Needless to say, all these children are taught to love and protect animals.

TWO SAILS

KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

A WINSOME feather went sailing one day,
Over the roses, past children at play.
Up near the clouds with their faces so white,
Floated that feather in gladsome delight.

Then came old Whirl Wind and tossed it back down,
Tumbling its ruffles and crushing its gown,
Hiding it lay midst the dampness and cold,
There to grow weary with darkness and mold.

Gay Robin Red Breast came hopping that way;
"Ho, pretty feather," he paused just to say —
"Want to go sailing? I'll help if you do;
I know a home that is open to you!"

Then the dear feather went sailing on high
Up to a home just below the blue sky.
Soon 'gainst her breast there nestled a head;
Sleep, Robin, sleep, on your feathery bed!

PUSSY SEVEN TOES

JULIA GRAYDON

WHEN the Norwegian vessel, the "Trexel," was torpedoed not long ago by the Germans the crew were anxious to save the life of their pet cat before the boat was sunk and the Germans, probably due to superstition, told them to go back and get the cat.

So the men went back and rescued "Mickey," the Norwegian cat who was born with seven toes on his front feet instead of five, which is all that ordinary pussy cats have.

I saw Mickey a few weeks ago and he is a very pretty striped tiger cat with a rather small head, and, sure enough, there were the seven toes on each front paw!

He has a good home, I am glad to say, and I know he will grow up to be a good staunch American cat.

KINDNESS TO WILD ANIMALS

Below we print the prize-winning essay, which received a silver loving cup in the recent contest in the schools of Melrose, Mass., offered by the Humane Society of that city. It was written by Emily Eldredge, of the seventh grade of the Washington school.

FROM the time God said unto Noah, "And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the Ark, to keep them alive with thee: they shall be male and female," to the present day, there have been both domestic and wild animals on the earth.

It is a natural impulse with people to be more kind to domestic than wild animals. Kindness to wild animals, however, is quite as essential as kindness to those domesticated.

Sometimes the greatest kindness that can be shown to a wild animal is to shoot it. This is only when it is caught in a trap or badly wounded.

Many people have hunted and killed, just for their own selfish pleasure, certain kinds of our animals until some species are nearly extinct. Practically all the buffalo left in the country are in the zoological gardens. Furthermore, deer were being killed in such large numbers, that many legislatures were obliged to enact laws restricting the shooting of deer to a very short season.

In spite of the fact that there are such laws, and game wardens, paid by the State, to enforce them, hundreds of deer are shot every year out of season.

One dark night in July, we looked from a camp on the shore of Mooselookmeguntic Lake, and saw a light moving in the virgin forest on the opposite shore. The light and an occasional echo of a shot told that the poachers were at work. They work mostly at night, and use a very bright light to blind the deer so they can shoot it. There is a standing offer of reward to any one who can convict a poacher.

We visited Soule Island Camps the next day and saw a little fawn, that, we learned, was found in the forest where the lights were seen the night before.

The deer seemed to fascinate us, for we went over to see it many times, and on our last visit, in September, found that the deer was gone. We asked about it and were told this story.

It slept in a boat-house and awoke one night with the smell of smoke in its nostrils. The door was shut so it bounded gracefully through the open window and went to the porch where the owner was sitting. It went up to him and softly rubbed its head on his shoulder. The man looked up and saw the roof of his boat-house in flames. He ran down, quickly unloosed his boats, and pushed them into the lake. Just as he got out the roof fell in.

In this case, as in many others, kindness to animals, as to men, had its own reward. The deer was rewarded with the greatest kindness that can be given a wild animal in captivity — its freedom.



A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS DOG

(Continued from page 55)

gently nose up from the ground some weakling lamb, about to be abandoned by the moving flock. We enjoy remembering how efficiently he defended his helpless charges from the depredations of prowling bob-cat or skulking coyote; and many the bloody pilferer that vainly regretted his rash attempt to ravish the flock so strongly guarded.

But, — most of all, — we love to think of him as the true friend that he was; loyal companion in joy or sorrow, through the many, many nights and days of work and fun, of hardship and frolic, that we shared to the fullest together.

Vic, — old boy, — as you pass over the Great Divide, take with you our best wishes.

Just where, in the scheme of things eternal, your place may be, is not foretold; but one thing is sure, old comrade, there will be for you some happy hereafter, else love and loyalty go all unrewarded.

So, one long farewell, Vic, wishing for you some dog's Elysium, where, on mountain-slopes, busy and useful as of old, you may watch the sheep you loved so tenderly; and may there ever be for you someone to give an occasional appreciative and friendly pat; someone who will understand.

A HUMOROUS PARROT

PARROTS seem to possess a sense of humor, if one is to judge by the remarks they make which are usually humorous and apropos. The following incident occurred at a home where I was recently visiting.

Polly was decidedly out-of-sorts. Her dinner had been delayed. An old lady had called when dinner was half over, and had been invited to take dinner.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, grandma?" inquired the hostess.

This was too much for Polly who had already waited what seemed an interminable length of time, and she called out, "Ha! ha! She's had two already!" A. J. C.

A LONG-TIME SUBSCRIBER

FROM a correspondent in New York State who writes to renew several subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals*, we quote the following extract: —

"I have taken *Our Dumb Animals*, sometimes in my own name and sometimes in my mother's name, continuously for thirty-four years, and I expect to take it for as many more years as I spend in this world."

ECONOMY

THE schoolmaster was giving the boys a lecture on thrift and pointed out how squirrels stored up nuts for the winter, says the *Minneapolis Tribune*. Then he asked for another illustration on thrift in animals, and one boy cried out: —

"A dog!"

"A dog! In what way does a dog practice economy?"

"Please, sir, when he runs after his tail he makes both ends meet."

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

"FREEDOM FOR ALL, FOREVER!"

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

FREEDOM for all, forever!"

*'Tis a cry from the hearts of men;
Our purpose stands, that never
Shall tyranny rule again —
That never a human being,
In all the years to come,
Shall be crouching, pleading, fleeing!
But what about the dumb —*

*The dumb, the caged, the frightened,
Who cannot plead, or flee?
Lord, may our eyes be lightened,
That we may see like Thee;
That we may look with Thy kindness
On all created things,
And never again, in our blindness,
Smile at their sufferings!*

*Quicken our hearts to aching
At the sight of prison bars,
For those who should be making
Free way, 'neath sun and stars!
Rouse us to passionate seeing
Of the anguish of prisoned wings —
Ah, the wonderful little being
That out of a sore heart sings!*

*Lord, we have heard the pleading
Of a Great-Heart, gone to Thee;
His passionate plea we're heeding
That Thy bound ones may be free;
So stir us, that never after,
In unloved pain and fear,
Shall creatures "trained" for our laughter
On the torture stage appear!*

*So shall "Thy Kingdom come," Lord;
"Thy Will be done, as in Heaven,"
When Thy children helpless and dumb, Lord,
Shall have freedom freely given!*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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TERMS

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Special price to teachers, 50 cents. Postage free to all parts of the United States.
Humane societies are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.
All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitled the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor.

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HUMANE LITERATURE

For sale by the American Humane Education Society at these prices, postpaid. (Titles in bold-face are of books): —
Our Dumb Animals, Vol. 50, June, 1917-May, 1918. \$1.25

About the Horse

Don — His Recollections, Willard A. Paul, M.D., 274 pp. illus. cloth. \$1.25
Black Beauty (English), cloth, 30 cents. paper 15 cts.
What Constitutes Cruelty, Francis H. Rowley \$ 25 per 100
Humane Horse Book, 32 pp., 3 cents each, or 3.00
The Horse — Treatment of Sores, Diseases, etc. .60
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 5. .40
How to Treat a Horse. .40
The Care of Mules. .40
Two Horses I Have Known, Mary C. Yarrow .40
Care of Horses. .40
The Folly of the Blinder. .25
The Horse's Prayer. .25
The Horse's Prayer, large post-card. \$1.00
The Horse's Prayer, card in two colors. 1.00
The Horse's Point of View, in Summer, post-card. 1.00
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Advice on Stable Management, card. 1.00
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The Cruel Over-check, card (two sides). .35
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The Dog — Its Care in Health and Disease. .60
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What the Chained Dog Says. .40
The Story of Barry. .25

About the Bird

The Birds of God, Theron Brown, 318 pp. illus. cloth, \$1.00
The Lady of the Robins, cloth, 25 cts. paper 15 cts.
Save the Birds, post-card. .40
Humane Education Leaflets, Nos. 1 and 2. .40
How the Birds Help the Farmer. .40
The Air-gun and the Birds. .40
An Appeal to Every Woman. .40

About the Cat

The Cat — Its Care in Health and Disease. \$.60 per 100
Humane Education Leaflet, No. 8. .40
Do Not Leave Your Cat to Starve. .40
"The Beggar Cat," post-card, 5c. per doz. .40
About Poor Puss. .25

About Other Animals

Prince Rudolf's Quest, Ida Kenniston, 150 pp. boards 58 cts.
For Pitty's Sake, cloth, 25 cts. paper 15 cts.
Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst, cloth, 25 cts. paper 15 cts.
The Strike at Shane's, cloth, 25 cts. paper 15 cts.
The Minor Minor Prophets. \$ 3.00 per 100
The Cruelties of Trapping. 2.00 per 100
The Jack London Club. .80 per 100
How to Kill Animals Humanely, 4 pp. .60
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paper 12 cts.

Friends and Helpers (selections for school use), Sarah J. Eddy. cloth 60 cts.
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Need of Humane Education Societies and Methods of Forming Them. .40
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American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station, Boston

